

DAGLIGHTALE Bonehead's want to know
ENQUIRER

April, 20, 2004

DRUG BUST AT AUC

Last week members of the Camrose Police Dept. broke into the school exposing a major grow op. Over 100 garbage bags of contraband were seized from the Biology department of the school. This grow op., masterminded by a John Patterson, has been supplying the Camrose community for the past few months. Recently elected president of the student body has given him diplomatic immunity. Officer Turd Ferguson who was undercover for the last few years was the key to breaking this drug ring. Although Patterson has gotten away this time, the town will sleep much better knowing that Ferguson is out watching the streets



School President John Pattison and Shauna Littlefair and Jamie Masters. Their identity has been protected under the witness protection program.

AUC MYSTERY

Augustana holds a deep dark secret, so dark that students never like to talk about it. You can get a feel of it on a Saturday and Sunday morning in the café, and maybe a Friday morning; a feeling that something is wrong, student look like shit and they're broke. One day they wake up with 50 bucks in their pocket, the next day they wake up with road rash all over their body and a pocket full of broken glass. We

sent out our undercover reporter under the alias of Puma to follow a certain Dave Blackney, unfortunately we never saw Puma until the end of the weekend with no memory of the passed few nights, only the road rash gave us a clue of what went on. This mystery is plaguing the school system. Something in these students diets are making them go nuts. Until we know what it is, the school will be forever a place of mystery and danger.



On Thursday, April 8th a giant F shaped cloud was present right above Augustana. Could this be a sign for bad things to come, or is it some creeps from the U of A playing a prank?

To the punk who stole my bike: When I find you, I'm going to break your knees and smash your head in with a crowbar. It's over man. -Pumo

If you have ever taken the Dag seriously, I suggest you not read this issue, this issue is 85% Bull shit. -editors

Thank You Augustana

Derek Kilbourn "The Seven Year Guy"

I first got the email from Jenny asking for some articles from some students who had 'been around a loongtime', I figured that I fit into that category. But what to write about? Memories of Augustana? How things have changed? Is there life after Augustana? Then it hit me, my editors hand upside my head as I wasted time writing for my university's paper instead of working on articles for the paper that pays me. Oh well, since our paper prints the Dag, I can still call this work, right?

What is life after university? It's a long, slow, walk down the highway that you managed to avoid for a few years after high school by going to university. Instead of an old beater Pontiac, you now have a slightly faster beater Pontiac, your degree, that wonderful piece of paper that is supposed to help you find better success in the job world. Although the Augustana Degree will now be the academic version of an AMC Eagle on this highway full of U of A Chevy Pickup's.

Hmm, positive Derek, think positive, Nah, one thing I have found on the increase at AUC was the level of stress I saw in the students, including myself. I am sure that the sale of Augustana

lent a lot to that stress, but there was something else going on. Call it living in a post 9/11 world if you want to that excuse, or anything else that has happened, but the students who started in the 2002/2003 year (my final one) had a much higher overall stress level than those of us who started back in 96. Can't back that up with statistics, just personal observations, so feel free to disagree with me, that would be very much in tune with your Lutheran style of education.

I wish that I knew what had caused that stress. My own theory is the greater levels of stress associated with the sale of AUC, but also combined with the decline in availability of activities for students. I do not blame Res Life, Campus Min or the SA for that, they have worked to provide as many activities as their predecessors did. But the non-affiliated activities were somehow missing, or not as blown out of proportion to involve as many as possible.

Gone were the days of the annual ravine vs freshman snowball fight, the Augustana Floor Hockey League, MUDgaming club, etc. The Ultimate Club did an awesome job of filling the void left after we were forced to

cancel the floor hockey league due to lack of facilities, but the number of students who were involved was smaller, although we never went on to win nationals, congrats to the Ultimates.

The Floor Hockey League had 10-12 teams in any given year, each team having 10 signed members and at least another 10-15 members as backups. All members of the league were AUC students, from first years to those on the extended programs of 5/6/7 years. We played one hour games on Tuesdays and Thursdays, first game started at 6pm, last game ended at 11pm. League was co-ed, and somewhere along the line, there was a group of women who took their floor hockey team and moved it over to the ice, forming part of what became the Womens Vikings Hockey Team.

I was disappointed to watch the year go by without being able to bombard the first year building with snowballs and have them eventually outnumber us 4 or 5 to 1 and send us packing back to the ravine, like they did every year.

So am I complaining? No, just remembering the good old days. There is nothing new under the sun, and I'm

sure if I were to talk to someone who started at Augustana in 89 if they thought things were different than in 96, I would find out that their first year was the best year ever at AUC, that nothing we did in 96 was a fun or creative or better than the 89ers. Same thing if I were to talk to the 1st Easters of this year, of course they are the best floor ever, nothing we did in 1st East back in 96 could be as good as those of the 04 1st East. But the same holds true for all the floors through the years. There may or may not have been an incident in which a large metal container was hidden and emptied into the various containers in the floor lounge of 3rd East in 96/97, something I had no part in, if it truly did happen.

I recently found out talking to some of the folks at my old church in Calgary where they lived at AUC, well, CLC as it was once called. One had lived in North Hall and could remember their floor antics, apparently nothing done today was as great as them. One woman had lived on 2nd Hoyme and told me stories of pranking the guys in North Hall. Do I have a point? Your experience at AUC is yours, but it shares one thing with many other AUC students, that

the time spent at Augustana, CLC or for future students, had a huge impact on you, and will be remembered by you as one of the best times of your life. You may have different memories than some of us old fogies that still hang around the place, but that feeling of home, friends, love, caring and fun that Augustana brings to you is something that is shared across the different years, floors, genders, faculties and AUC/CLUC/CLC.

Yeah, I know this sounds like a win-one-for-the-gipper speech, but so what, I love AUC and while I am sorry to see it leave behind its present incarnation. I am also glad that it will continue in some form, with students, staff and faculty there who want to see it succeed and move into a different phase. Thanks Augustana for years of fun and enjoyment, crying and laughing, thanks to 'da boys', Campus Min, Res Life, SU/SA, the Faculty, especially the Environmental Studies Faculty, thanks to the staff for keeping that place running and making it our home for whatever time we were there, and thank you to the Students, the core, the purpose, the heart of Augustana.

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The thoughts and ideas within this paper are in no way represented or endorsed by the SA or Augustana University College. For all you people who read all the small print, you have too much time on your hands. Yeah you know who you are, but about this, can you read this? This print is bad for your eyes. We added it to this page for a laugh.



A Letter From Your SA President Elect

The SA Spring elections have come and gone, and you have all elected me as your new Student Association President. As many of you may not know who I am, I will give you a little of that information in this article, as well as some of my goals for next year.

My name is John Pattison, and I am a native of the Camrose area, being raised on a farm north of town. Currently, I am finishing my second year as an Environmental Science major, Economics concentration, and English minor. I have also been involved in the music and outdoor sports programs here since I arrived. I have not served with this SA before in any other position, but have considerable experience in leadership roles that will give me an advantage next year.

The next year at Augustana will be one of transition - for the staff, faculty, and students alike, as we will all try to clearly define our new role as the Augustana Faculty of the University of Alberta. However, for all the struggles and time involved, we can be optimistic about the future of this institution. You can also be confident in your Student Association. There is a strong executive this year, with a strong council

behind us. We will be your voice in this time of transition, not only to the faculty and administration of Augustana, but also to the University of Alberta. There are expected to be many meetings next year in Edmonton where we will voice the will of the students of this campus. You can be assured that we have the student's interests at heart, and also seek your opinions on matters. Feel free to approach us at any time with concerns or thoughts, either individually or at the Student Association office upstairs in the Faith and Life. Thank you, have a great summer, and look forward to next year!



U of Eh?

Horoscopes

for the month of April, 2004

from Em and Lo the hottest sex columnists ever. (check them out at emandlo.com)

Aries (Mar. 21st-Apr. 20th) This week, it's like you're on top of the bar at your local, singing show tunes and doing the can-can with all eyes on you. (Please note: use of the term "it's like" in the previous sentence is not a function of a simile but rather a fame linguistic filler that's very popular with the kids these days — so you will in fact be on top of the bar at your local singing show tunes and doing the can-can at some point this week.) Your problem won't be attracting attention, but attracting the right person. Or perhaps your problem will be public drunkenness. Either way, refrain from being too loud or performing anything from "Cats" — that's just not attractive. **Taurus** (Apr. 21st-May 20th) Just because opportunity knocks, doesn't mean you should always answer the door. Especially when it's a romantic opportunity. Should you accept Monday's booty call, even if it's 3 a.m. and all that loud knocking is waking the neighbors. But who knows if there will even be another offer after Monday? Well we do, of course — that's our job. We could tell you, but then how would you ever learn the lesson of risk and reward?

Gemini (May 21st-June 21st) Love interests aren't like Lays potato chips — one should be enough, at least for you, at least this month. And frankly, there's not enough of you to go around. So leave juggling to the boardwalk performers and the Cirque de Soleil professionals. And no lame excuses like "I don't know what I want" or "I don't know how to let my myriad playthings down gently." That's so senior year college. Oh, Right. If you ARE in your senior year in college, CARE on.

Cancer (June 22nd-July 22nd) Zip it. No, seriously — we've got a whole bag of shush for you here and we're not afraid to use it. Every time you open your mouth it will be to annoy someone, no matter how good your intentions. And annoyance never got a person into anybody's bloomers. Far better to play the strong, silent type and let

the hotties come to you. Note: being the strong, silent type is infinitely more effective if you do it at the end of the bar or on the pool table rather than in your La-Z-Boy. **Leo** (July 23rd-Aug. 22nd) Fun is your middle name this week. (Too bad your last name isn't Jingleheimer Schmidt, cause that's our name too.) Whatever your first name, someone is sure to be sighing it into your ear as the two of you make sweet, sweet music together by mid month. We guess we'll just call you Lucky Duck for now.

Virgo (Aug. 23rd-Sept. 22nd) This month, you will be more sensitive than a Shirley MacLaine movie. Tears will flow for no ascertainable reason, you'll get inordinately huffy if the tonic in your G-and-T is flat, and mirrors everywhere will suddenly make your bum look gi-normous. If you want to avoid wreaking havoc on your street cred, we recommend sitting the next few days out. Stay home in stretch pants, cover all your mirrors with bed sheets and rent the complete works of Shirley MacLaine. We won't tell.

Libra (Sept. 23rd-Oct. 23rd) Apparently, this is a perfect week to find Mr. or Ms. Right. But is there really such a thing? Can someone be utterly and completely right for you? Or will there always be imperfections, flaws, conflicts, disagreements? He may be perfect in every way, except for the fact that he snores and thinks J. Lo is a talented singer. She may be all you ever wanted, except she has a Boston accent and a small kleptomania problem. "Mr. or Ms. Right" may just be a fairy tale we fruitlessly spend our lives chasing, only to be perpetually disappointed. So don't get your hopes up this month. Mr. or Ms. Pretty Damn Good But Annoying in One or Two Ways may be your destiny. Don't screw it up with unrealistic expectations.

Scorpio (Oct. 24th-Nov. 22nd) As the great Pat Benatar once said, love is a battlefield. And she wrote that at least a decade before the hell of being able to Google that ex who broke your heart and put it through the blender. But what are you going to do besides fight the good fight? Stay home and watch "Golden Girls" re-runs? Exactly. So make like Braveheart and just ask out that

cute little number in the kilt already. We'll be here with a hug if it all goes terribly wrong. **Sagittarius** (Nov. 23rd-Dec. 21st) The only type of advice you ever want to get from your friends is the kind you want to hear, the kind that doesn't contradict your thoughts or criticize your behavior. Anything less, and they're not truly a friend. At least, that's what you tell yourself, you obstinate fool. But this week, a friend will serve you up some tough love on a silver platter. Though you'll be inclined to throw a temper tantrum and the tray from their hands, accept it graciously with a thank you and a smile. It's okay to secretly hate them a little when it turns out they're right. **Capricorn** (Dec. 22nd-Jan. 20th) There's a reason why James Bond never starred in a movie called "The Spy Who Just Wouldn't Shut Up." Good listeners learn a lot of neat stuff. If your seduction modus operandi is all yadda-yadda-yadda, you may miss out on some vital information. Like, for example, "That's my buff lifeguard fiancé over there" or "That's my really hot twin, can I bring him/her too?" or "I find Yanni's music really moving."

Aquarius (Jan. 21st-Feb. 18th) It's as if T'Pau was singing straight from the '80s into your horoscope this week with her classic love anthem "Heart and Soul": "Give a little bit of heart and soul, give a little love to grow..." Truer words have never been spoken about an Aquarius's love life for the week of April 12th in the year 2004. If you have a healthy imagination, dirtier words have never been spoken. Think about it. **Pisces** (Feb. 19th-Mar. 20th) Someone from your past may try to confuse you this week. And yes, by "confuse you" we do mean "get lucky with you and then dump you all over again." No matter how good they look, listen to the voice in your head instead, the one that's screaming, "Run away! Run away!" We know this little voice isn't always 100 percent reliable (like that time in third grade when it convinced you that mooning the teacher was a surefire way to attract Tammy Mixler, or years ago at Spring Break when it swore a crummy string of plastic beads was totally worth your dignity), but this time at least, it knows of what it speaks.

Research at Augustana

TT (TicTac) Suppository

Canadian Rural Augustanian Practical (CRAP) has produced a pill that when introduced to the body, will remove odor from flatulence. This pill was given a test subject, to keep the identity of the test subject hidden we will call this individual Roddy Ward. This pill, called TTS or TicTac Suppository was given to relieve the odor of flatulence. Test results were taken from the homes from the test subjects and all found this product 100% successful. Although CRAP tested on Human subjects (in this case Sub-Human) has brought in the Federal Health Dept. to investigate. However the product is expected to hit American Shelves in the New Year.



Exciting times, kids. Not only has Augustana gotten the government funding necessary for the U of A to consider adopting us as it's retarded kid brother - we've also started making lists of ways to spend our increase in revenue. If you'd like to

add something to the list, just scribble it out on a napkin or better yet, email it to a member of your brand new SA elect. They're all fresh and eager and optimistic. Heh. So here's the word on the street about where the New Money's gonna go:

John Pattison More Scandals

This undercover reporter has shared many conversations with the new president elect finding out his future policies and what he would like to see changed around here. And must say he does have good ideas. One such idea is that he would like to see all the student leadership positions working together instead of against each other. So get the Students Association,

Campus Ministry, and the Residence Life staff to all go on their pre-school year retreat together to get to know one another plan some stuff, and then break off and do their own things. It would seem that Mr. Pattison already has the residence life staff under his power, which I had suspected would take a lot longer. One night

undercover I was observing the comings and goings of the freshmen building which I had left just in time to avoid citation. Well Mr. Pattison doesn't need to worry about these citations as he left the female dorms at least 15 minutes after the citation hour had begun and just said hi to the res lifers who bid him fair well. Clearly they are under his command now.

One of the residences in the ravine is due for renovations, it seems.

No one wants to commit to which one, exactly - but rest assured it will put all the others to shame.

Repave freshman circle.

There's talk about rebuilding the bridge, of course - but word is that won't happen for another year or two. And hey - now that we're gonna be part of the U of

A, an injury law suit against the school just might pay off.

The coffeehouse will be turned into a licensed Hooters, the counselling centre into a casino and the chapel into a roller disco.

More seasonals will of course be hired to bring our instruction up to par with the U of A. Another character crack will be added to the walls of north hall, adding to the balance

and unity of our quaint rural architecture.

New scholarship programs will be implemented for all those students who have absolutely nothing to do with farming/ranching.

New Student's Association headquarters to be established in a top of the line ex-canadian navy submarine to be submerged in the murky depths of mirror lake.

New boats for the rowing team.

Fear and Loathing in the South

..... By Craig Mackie

Encounters with the American Dream.....Gutter Rats.....the height of freedom.....porn explains all.....look down.....Lent.....I haven't always thought that the world could be judged by its gutters, but in the right context they can be an anthropological postmodern buffet of meaning. Seldom do we even think of the film we step over to keep moving interminably forward: be it people, organic waste, third worlds, reason, morality, piss shit and booze, they're all down there. We just choose not to look down. Perhaps it's a matter of distraction. After all there are far more interesting things to capture our attention other than our wake of gutter filth. At least that is definitely the case on Bourbon Street. Heck, who wants to, or even has the time to? look down when up and away you can see boobs dangle over the nearest smear of heads and balconies? Here I am faced with the utmost juxtaposition I have come across to date in my meager 23 years. Walking down the alleys of the New Orleans French Quarter during the height of Mardi Gras I felt struck with the full gambit of human nature: lust, beauty, revelry, violence, greed, elation, satisfaction, love? Fill in the blank. Before me lay a metropolitan maze of the tapestry of human interaction: all I had to do was look up, and down and all around of course. I saw beautiful young women, old hags, overweight Germans and black people, beggars and movie stars (I got some beads from Elijah Woods), college frat boys and men dressed in suits that could have been years on my father. There were video cameras and cops, mimics and pickpockets, and all this time I couldn't help but feel that I was a member of a handful of people looking down, perhaps the only one. For to look down is to admit that there is something more than the symbolic simulacrum of glitz and web sites on which you can review your Mardi Gras experience. To look down is to see all sorts of fucked up shit - no more fucked up than what's going on around you, but then again, what's going on around you doesn't soak your shoes in a film I termed "skank" (roughly comprised of a base of alcohol of all kinds, spit, semen, human sweat and other excrements, ground French fries, condom lubricant - the world was slick with it, also props to Adriana for being in the identification of all skank components.....). For most the gutter could only be acknowledged in so far as it had to be avoided. But alas, I had to look down in order to see some reflection of what the madness arose

out of and seemingly above. What did I see? Well, the sheer amount of plastic provided the broth: beer cups, orange and red plastic containers for the "hand grenade" (p.s. no female can resist getting drunk off one of these, myself included) and famous "tornado," beads of every shape and size, bras, panties, shoes as well as baby shoe - of whom the owner had just walked past (who the fuck brings a toddler down Bourbon at 1am???) and I quickly saved from the fate of the skank, condoms, tampons, syringes, a dildo, about a million baby balloons (I braved the skank just to bounce a few), a Playboy magazine, a disposable camera, foreign currency, stuffed toys, rats, posters of the 485lbs lounge singer named Big Al Carson we saw at the Funky Pirate (I would recommend it just for the spectacle - he actually has no neck), a dude wearing enough beads to conceal the fact that he had a neck holding his girlfriends hair while she puked on his lap while he puked on her back, which just about sums it up. Question: which came first: the propensity to look up or the fear of self-loathing that comes with looking down? Naturally, in my slightly (ok extremely) altered state I began to seek a guide, anyone in any form that could make sense of the combination of the greatest amount of filth coupled with hordes of men swarming - but not forcing (?) women of all ages and sizes to show them some. Disturbed much? Well you shouldn't be, because it's all a part of who you and I don't want to admit we are. Thoroughly abandoned by my friends I began to ask anyone I saw what this all meant. Where did it come from? Who could I blame? I found a local goth type girl who was relatively sober and explained to me that it was just a brilliant manifestation of chaos. Hmm, interesting but not quite enough - Why here? Why now? Why booze? Then I came across LJ, or perhaps LJ came across me. He laughed at my "50 is not fifty hat", being considerably closer to 50 than I. I instantly asked him what he could make of all this madness, these unbridled animalistic praxis of basically sexual violence. Do you want the long or short answer? Turns out my new found guide to the Big Easy was actually down to supervise a shooting of Girls Gone Wild - or as I like to refer to it as Girls Gone Gutter (think about it LJ). LJ turned out to be an executive of Vivid Video (vivid.com), a porn industry giant and now parent company to Girls Gone Wild, at least that was his story. Who was I to argue at the time? I know nothing about "porn" and couldn't really do a bullshit test just yet, so we pressed on. What ensued was a rather psychoanalytic 4 hour discussion about the suc-

cess and purpose of the porn industry and the broader implications for human insecurities that seem to be so prevalent on one of the world's most infamous streets of sin. We spoke of the differences between the North American fear of nudity and Europe's embrace of the human body; the Islamic world's closeted homosexual issues; the fact that you can buy sex slaves in Bangkok or head from a hole in the walls of alleys; why some dude who walked past had leather chaps with the ass cut out and "MINE" written on each cheek; how most female porn stars are lesbians and ugly girls (and guys) know how to go down the best. We pretty much covered it all. Conclusion: in the end he really wanted to me to show him my piece, just in case I wanted to get into the industry (but that's a whole different story). Porn seems to be so successful because people are easily addicted to the idea of living another possible life, naturally due to the fact that they think their life sucks and have been brought up to hate themselves. Simple as that; money nor fame nor a house and kids and a job can give you what porn can, or Bourbon Street for that matter: the possibility of not being yourself. (Strictly speaking money can give you that, because you need money to buy the plane ticket to get to New Orleans and the porno mag to read along the way and the drinks to be able to stomach the fact that you buy hate yourself. But that's a minor point.) The next logical but equally dismal question is this: what's so bad about looking in the mirror and seeing your self? Perhaps the danger that in fact you could see a bouncy ball wrapped in condom next to a baby shoe covered in skank. The real issue is who, or what, either makes it suck to see our own reflection or makes it impossible to conceive that we even have a reflection? That's where porn can help I suppose. As Marx said of capitalism, perhaps porn is the best and worst thing that could happen to the dialectic of human consciousness organized in society..... And then, the next morning when it's all over and you go back to that corner in broad day light the memory seems strange and foreign. Just before you hit bottom, machines and black men in bright green suits come and sweep the plastic junk up into plastic bags and usher in a season of repentance and purification. What? Do I still get a t-shirt? Postscript: If I were to write an actual reflection on this article it may be entitled: All I learned at University that I Could Have Learned on Bourbon Street from a Porn Baron: How to Look Down (and Exercise Short Term Memory to the Utmost). So long AUC.....appear to disappear.

Letter from Chris

Did you know that Augustana was founded by Norwegians? Did you know that Augustana has a Scandinavian studies department? Do you know where Norway is? If you answered yes to these questions, congratulations, you've probably been at Augustana for more than one year. If you answered no, well it's time you read this article and learned a little about Augustana and the opportunities that can be found here. Scandinavian studies have to do with the study of Scandinavian culture (mostly through literature, and with a focus on Norway) as well as the study of the Norwegian language. It is a very rewarding program to take, and the skills you learn are practical skills which can lead to a variety of careers from teaching to tourism to foreign relations. You even have a choice to take a minor, or to combine your Scandinavian studies with German or French. With the knowledge of more than one language comes the possibility to open up job opportunities to you in markets which

would have before been inaccessible.

There is also one other added benefit from being a modern language major. Part of your graduation requirements *requires* you to study abroad. Yes, that's right; you get to travel, and not only travel, but actually integrate yourself into a foreign culture as part of your studies. Think that week long trip to France was fun? Think about how much fun it would be to actually *live* abroad and allow all of those funny local customs to feel normal? It's pretty fun, and it opens you up to a new way of thinking, in more ways than one. Eventually you don't think twice about eating brown cheese or big fish balls. It's just part of a healthy diet.

As for me, well, I am currently completing my graduation requirements by taking my final two courses at Norges Teknisk-Naturvitenskapelige Universitet (NTNU) for those of you who can't read Norwegian). NTNU is located in Trondheim, Norway. For those of you who don't know where that is, it is on the west coast of Norway,

halfway up to the arctic circle. Trondheim was founded in 997 that is over 900 years prior to Canada. What is remarkable about Trondheim is that about one-sixth of the town is students. NTNU has a student body of around 20 000. Pretty big change from Augustana. But, the best part is... wait for it... tuition to NTNU is FREE. That's right, free; you pay nothing to study here, even international students. Studying in Norway is free. It is awesome, and the education here is second to none. For example, Sintef, a major international research body is run by NTNU. They have programs to interest anybody, from political science, to engineering, to philosophy. You name the program, and they are most certainly offering it here. Another interesting fact is that they actually offer classes in English here. So you don't need to be fluent to study here. So, that makes all of you physics students think twice about taking up that Scandinavian studies minor so you can come to NTNU and study at one of the fore-

most research universities in the world right?

As for my classes, I am taking an in-depth Norwegian language course to help me to really perfect my language skills. The class is filled with interesting people, including refugees from both Iraq and Afghanistan. I am also taking a literature course. The course is entirely in Norwegian, but is extremely interesting. Another benefit to studying within the Norwegian system is that you decide your curriculum (at least in my classes). The professors go over a variety of texts, and you get to decide which ones you will be tested on at the end of the term. Then, if you didn't like the texts they covered in class, you have the opportunity to suggest other works which you may have found more interesting. Provided the professor is familiar with these works, you can be tested on those ones rather than the ones they made you read in class. Brilliant. Student life is quite exciting here too. They have a huge student athletic department with 2 sports buildings. Sports teams from skiing, to diving, to shooting to karate. If there is more than one student who does a

sport, they've formed a club for it here. The student's union also has a huge building in the middle of town with cafes, a study library, discotheque and a concert hall where all the big acts come to play. From A-Ha to Weezer, they've played at Samfunnet. All in all, studying in Norway is pretty exciting. The university also has around 15 cabins in the mountains along the fjord, which are open to the students who wish to stay there for the weekend. The oceanography department even lends out a sailing boat to any student wishing to take a three hour tour! So when you are deciding which course to take and you feel like you need a big change of pace, or want to see the rest of the world, think about studying for free abroad! If you are interested in studying in completely different environments, then go and talk to Ingrid Urberg, Augustana's Norwegian professor, or to Kim Forham, the head of the Modern Languages department. Both of them can give you more information about all of the opportunities that Augustana can help to open up for you.

Results from this years election.

President - John Pattison
VP Communications - Darci Penrod
VP Finance - Matthew Hebert
VP Student Life - Colin McComb
Councillor at Large - Jeffrey Siddle
Councillor at Large - Michelle Campeau
Second Year Rep - Daryl Bissillion
Second Year Rep - Karen Wedel
Third Year Rep - Sarah Langenhoff
Off Campus Rep - Aaron Olofson

And the fee referendum went through so maybe they wont have to be so fun anymore about where our money "really is going". And if your confused as to who next years first year reps are going to be well you really need to get more involved in school politics and realize that they are elected from next years first year crop. Meet these people make them work for you that's why we give them our money they don't do this just for free and for



**Official Beer of
the Dagligtale**



Air Canada

**Truly Lousy,
Truly Canadian**

Straight Up Gossip from Freshman

Gossip flows through the walls here in Freshman dorms. You can almost hear things travel from room to room: "Hey, did you hear that Billy-Bob and Sue-Ellen..." and "Last night, at OC's (or the Pulse, depending on your preferred place) I saw....". Gossip seems to be a result of people consuming too much alcohol, if you ask me. Anyways, this article is just a few things that seem to be floating around around dorms.....Firstly, I would like to mention this Fore-most sign that is missing, some of you might have heard of it, some of you not. If the owner of said sign would cut his hair, maybe he could see it, its not that hard to find.

Anyways. There is this lovely couple that I adore, these two boys who love to play soccer and they "break up" every day. I have never seen two boys scream so much at each other, break up, and the next day they are stuck together at the hip again. This begs the

question: Is there something that we don't know about going on, guys? ;)

As well, there are some other...couples that drive us nuts. All I have to say to the couple dubbed the "make-out couple" is: GET A ROOM (and not one that your roommate is in). No one wants to sit in class and see you two taste what the other had for dinner yesterday.

Speaking of getting a room, Smokey needs to find a place to keep his clothes and keep them there. They have been left everywhere, from a girls washroom to random girls bedrooms. Lock your doors, girls, you don't want to find his clothes in your room in the morning.

The most interesting of this bunch is a bandanna-clad boy with an interesting name. I don't think he realizes that half the female population wants to f*ck him. Buddy, take a look around, they all want you. Then there's this guy who likes to convince people his

name is Vincent something-or-other...Valentine is it? And his girlfriend...or is she? Can you two please make up your minds whether you're together or not. Wait a sec. No one really cares. Nevermind.

My most favorite of the bunch would be a short, charming young man who, for some reason, likes to be called KY. Why you'd want to be associated with KY Jelly is beyond me. Anyways, boys, take a lesson from this guy. He knows how to treat a woman- he has a reputation as a great lover. Seriously, have you NOT seen the hat with "Sex is better with KY"? Obviously there is something going on, girls are always wearing that hat, and he's always accompanied by a hot girl or two (or three or four...).

The last thing I have to say is about a guy we have named Big Red. Can someone take one for the team and give him some lovin'? I think that guy needs to get some.

Response

to Craig and his trip into the eye of chaos.

By: Land Pearson

As some sort of a porn expert (ex-porn club president and all) I am suppose to write a response to this article. I am not sure if it is suppose to be because I have seen just about everything one can see in film, and I don't mean just porn, but things like home video of people getting there hands cut off for stealing and way worse ask and I will tell sometimes it makes me feel better knowing I am not the only one that knows I have seen such trucked up shit. But any ways seeing how I have seen many a Marti Gra on film, like the old versions of what LJ was there to film, I can understand where Craig is coming from. This place its nuts and it just doesn't make sense that it happens. But it almost makes you think maybe it should happen every where because usually those involved are left better afterwards feeling renewed and having a new lease on life. They have seen into the eye of chaos and know its not a good place and so they work hard to prevent the world from full on becoming that but they always need to come back to be assured that chaos is the ultimate evil. And really we need evil to know what good is right so if we let it happen a little bit each year the world can be good. Really what I have to say from this article is that I think Craig unit was not satisfactory for the world of porn. Maybe he needed to get hopped up on steroids like most men do for porn but where is the fun in that. And so that's why its left as that's another story and not us getting a report on really what the wonderful world of porn has to provide for an enterprising young amateur. What do we all learn from Craig's report be open minded, he was by choosing to not walk the normal bath of looking at titles and asking to see more but to look down and see what else is going on. Also give chaos and evil a chance so we can really know what good is.

Ultimate Frisbee Tournament

Well I'm going to start off by saying that the Ultimate Tournament was a Fantastic success, there was a great turnout by non-regular Ulti players which we thought was great, you guys need to come out a few more times this year and next year we'll pick up as well. The Extreme Limes had a great showing throughout the tournament with one game played completely with extreme layouts for every play changed up with some "Sexy D", taught to them by the illustrious Skinny McKinney. The most fantastic play of the day was broken out by Craig Mackie, when he played some huge D, then picked up the disc made a pass and then booked it to the end zone where he layed out over the opposition's

heads and scored the 10 point for the game.

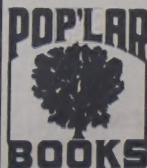
We had some terrific help by the stupendous and terribly attractive helper ladies. Also known as Jenny and Anna, as well as one Land Pearson who really is not like the suggested preface.

We had some fantastic weather and all I can say is that you guys had better be playing when I come back, cause I'm going on a mission trip to teach Mexicans how to play Ultimate. It's part of the Ultimate all over the world plan. Because Niva Boyd had the idea that if everyone just played games then we would all get along. (Thanks Sparky). I would also like to say that we had some terrific awards for the regular first place, spirit and blah, blah,

blah, as well as the Mangina Award in honor of our departed Craig Mackie. If you want to know what it's about you'll have to ask him.

I would also like to disclaim as this article was written before the tournament happened so actual events and people may differ from what I have reported.

The Daglightale would like to welcome the U of Eh to Camrose. We are looking forward to work closely with you in these first few new steps.



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Answers to last issues Trekkie Trivia

1. The doctor / Emergency Medical Hologram
2. K'Ehleyr
3. Beagle, Copernicus
4. Females have smaller ears and are not allowed to wear clothes
5. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelly, Nichelle Nichols, James Doohan, George Takei, Walter Koenig
6. Dr. Noonian Soong
7. 75 years
8. Capt. Picard
9. Serpent worms
10. Humpback whales
11. "Q"
12. Tribbles
13. Wolf, and Riker
14. Generations
15. Encounter at Farpoint
16. Harcourt Fenton Mudd
17. Lt. Tasha Yar, Ensign Jenna D'Sora
18. Leonardo DaVinci
19. Riker
20. 3
21. Christopher Pike
22. Killed in the encounter with the Borg at Wolf 359
23. Dixon Hill, "Dix"
24. 2
25. It disappeared during a war with the Romulans, and reappeared 50 years later in a time rift
26. Spock, Scotty, McCoy
27. Gamma Quadrant
28. Nurse Christine Chapel
29. Florida
30. Chief O'Brien, Wolf



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From the Editors.....



PUMOS farewell

Well this year was fun. Last year I volunteered with Craig and Preet, I found out that no one had applied for the position of Dag editor so I figured, how hard could it be? Well after a whole year of working with publishing software and photo editing, having Jenny join half way through the year was a unexpected surprise, maybe a blessing in disguise... i haven't un-

disguised it yet... Thanks Jenny! Well I know what I'm doing. As Dag editor I was given a Bursary. Sure the money was nice, but the experience and knowledge I have gotten from this job will assist me for time to come. Having to learn most of the editing techniques and learning Adobe Photoshop from scratch was no easy task, spending countless hours playing

with pictures and software can be seen in some of my previous issues, all pictures in the dag including the cover, were created by myself. Those fake ads, yeah that was me. This year had its ups and downs, but the most valuable thing from this was the experience, not to mention burning my friends. Haha Mikael! I love your blue dress. Busting in on SA meeting and scoring cake and pizza was no downer either. Any ways I hope you enjoyed this years paper, sure it was different but I've been sending issues around the country and I seem to be getting a positive feedback. One copy was sent to Palm Springs California, I quote this guy "I was really impressed with your newspaper. When I was in college we didn't have anything nearly as good! Ours was all cut and dried. Thanks for sending me a copy." How's that? Uvic was like "Dude that's pretty cool... wha I got the munchies real bad, later," I'm not sure if that was the editor responding. So I leave you the mercy of next years editors. For the record I'm Jonathan Friesen. AKA Pumo.

jenny's
s, b y e

Wow. This has been an insane semester. I'm really gonna miss working on the dag so if you're wondering where I am next year, chances are it's either touring it up in southeast Asia or picking (partying with?) Kiwis and hunting for hobbits in New Zealand, or lurking in the proposed new dag office annex (aka ye olde radio station) and making Jeremy Wideman sneeze cause he's allergic to me. Aall of you apathetic jerks have to promise me that you'll be just as apathetic next year just to make it hard for jeremy and Steve (your precocious dag editors for next year) Right, so. Thanks to everyone who contributed - 'specially on the dork issue. Cindy Eisman you rock my world - you have the geekiest friends ever and that is very very cool. Thanks to Land Pearson for pretending to be me when I'm sick so Pumo didn't freak out and for writing all your crazy assed thoughts into articles. Brad

Heron for your fleeting interest and help on stuff, hope the reference helps! Skinny McKinney for distracting me sometimes and being the funniest straight man ever. Sole force will surface! But you've gotta finish it. Tamara, Anna, Jen - thanks for the moral support I know you were sending and the occasional article. Thanks to anyone who ever wrote anything, even if it didn't get published - we're fascist bastards, Pumo and I and chances are we just set it aside to have it's own special place and then in our crazy stress rush to finish the paper we forgot all about it until it was too late and tragically there was no space. Which reminds me, thank you Diana Carter for the amazing article on your travels. the school woulda been better for having read it but we just couldn't make it fit.... Most of all, thanks to Pumo for bein' all excitable about doing the photo work (it gets real tiresome when it starts being your actual job, trust me) and for the creative layout ideas and just for being random and jerky enough to keep me from losing interest or respect.

Its not the RAs' fault for being lame....

By: Land Pearson

It's the head of their program. I recently had a chat with Rob Ford and Mark Chytracek about a note I had attached to an article submitted by a future RA for next year, saying that he will be better than the present ones who are lame. Well this future RA started getting in trouble and getting razed by the present Resident Life staff - these present staff were also going to Rob and Mark being like why did you hire this guy. Apparently when something is in a different font, bold, and starts with "Land would like to note..." that means that it is by the same guy who wrote the article. So I went to clear the air for the kid cause I didn't see why he should be getting in trouble let alone why anyone should get in trouble for something like this. Rob and Mark were appreciative to my clearing the air and started saying

that Greg the RA I made fun of has done a good job so far except for some off campus stuff which I was intrigued by but decided not to push for. So I asked them why not instead of gossiping about this why they didn't get those concerned to write in to the Dag and let us know that they were concerned. Their response was "Oh, people said they were going to do that. We told them not to because you guys will just write your response to it right there beside it." Isn't that the point of editorials? Does that make sense to anyone? - don't let people know there's a problem just gossip about it instead. Also maybe we wouldn't cut down Res Life so much if they would actually submit stuff to the Dag and show that they are part of the school.



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